Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not ſpeake with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed diſtract, her mood will needs be pittied.

Quee. What would ſhe have?

Gent. She ſpeakes much of her father, ſayes ſhe heares
There's trickes i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enviouſly at ſtrawes, ſpeakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe ſenſe, her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winkes, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. " To my ſicke ſoule, as ſins true nature is,
" Each toy ſeemes prologue to ſome great amiſſe;
" So full of artleſſe jealouſie is guilt,
" It ſpills it ſelfe in fearing to be ſpilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous majeſty of *Denmarke?*

Quee. How now *Ophelia?*

She ſings.

Ophel. How ſhould I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and ſtaffe, and by his ſendall ſhoone.

Quee. Alas ſweet Lady, what imports this ſong?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a graſſe-greene turfe, at his heeles a ſtone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you mark. White his ſhrowd as the mountain ſnow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas, looke here my Lord.

Ophel. Larded all with ſweet flowers, *Song.*
Which bewept to the ground did not goe,
With true love ſhowers.

King.

King. How doe you pretty Lady.

Ophel. Well, good dild you, they ſay the Ow
daughter: Lord, we know what wee are, but kno
may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Ophel. Pray let's have no words of this, but wh
what it meanes, ſay you this.
To morrow is S. *Valentines* day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your *Valentine.*
Then up he roſe, and dond his clothes, and dupt th
Let in the maid, that out a maide, never departed

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophel. Indeed, without an oath, Ile make an
By gis and by Saint Charity,
alacke and fie for ſhame,
Young men will doe't if they come to't,
by cocke they are to blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me you promis'd
(He anſwers.) So ſhould I a done, by yonder ſun
And thou hadſt not come to my b

King. How long hath ſhe been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we muſt be pati
chuſe but weep to think they would lay him i'th
brother ſhall know of it, & ſo I thank you for yo
Come my coach, good night Ladies, good nigh
Sweet Ladies good night, good night.

King. Follow her cloſe, give her good watch
O this is the poyſon of deep griefe, it ſprings a
death: and now behold O *Gertrard, Gertrard*
When ſorrowes come they come not ſingle ſpi
But in battalians: firſt, her father ſlaine,
Next, your ſonne gone, and he moſt violent au
Of his owne juſt remove; the people muddied
Thicke and unwholſome in thoughts and whi
For good *Polonius* death, & we have done but g
In hugger mugger to interre him; poore *Oph*